

# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 135.

## The Principles of Nature.

### INTERESTING FROM TEXAS.

Our readers will remember that we, some three months since, published an interesting communication from Mr. EBENEZER ALLEN, of Galveston, Texas, together with several beautiful poems communicated from Spirits through Miss Ada Bruno, of that city. Two additional letters from the same intelligent source are herewith submitted to our readers.

Our correspondent refers to the fact that some of Ada's pieces are not original. We discovered some time since that one of the poems which accompanied Mr. Allen's first letter was not composed at the time it was impressed on the mind, and written by the hand of Ada. Spirits not unfrequently rehearse their own earthly productions, or repeat what others have expressed before them; and sometimes this is unaccompanied by any intimations respecting the real authorship of what is said or written. In giving publicity to such communications, therefore, we by no means vouch for their originality.

We shall be pleased to hear from Mr. Allen more frequently.—En.

(GALVESTON (TEXAS), Sept. 23d, 1854.)

DEAR SIR:

While ascending the Mississippi River about the 20th of July last, I addressed you a communication containing some account of the development of a poetic medium in this city by the name of Ada or Ada Bruno, together with several poetic compositions which she had then written, among which were "The Anthem of the Sea," "Spirit Companions," etc., etc. Since that time she has written some two hundred pieces, some in prose, but mostly in poetry, and her writings, if printed, would fill a volume of four hundred pages. It has since been discovered that some (how many we know not) of her productions are selections from different authors, and not original. Circumstances, however, clearly show to us unprejudiced persons that she was wholly unaware of this. Her hand alone writes, while her mind remains passive, except as a plate on which the piece is impressed. Often the names of the authors or their initials are subscribed to the pieces. Several purport to be the productions of Greenville Mellen, one Mary B. Crawford, one (a beautiful hymn) is subscribed Ethelred, and on Saturday evening last she was thrown into a trance, and delivered a lecture or sermon on "the Love of God," and the next morning wrote it off entire; and to it the name of — Deway (I forget the Christian name) was signed. Some of her pieces are in Latin (of which language she knows nothing), some in German, some in French (of which she knows a little), and others in a language we know nothing about. I send you a specimen or two. Among her recent pieces is a beautiful translation of "Lenora," from the German, differing from the translation of Scott (found in his poetic works), and signed by a name I do not recollect. Several of her shorter pieces have been published in the newspapers of this city, some of which proving plagiarisms, have served to throw much discredit upon her pretensions in this community.

I regret to find that this interesting and gifted medium, in common with too many others, is singularly wayward and capricious in her disposition, and is under influences which, I fear, unless obviated by some superior interposition, will poison the fountain from which the pure waters of poetic inspiration and wisdom reflected from on high had begun to flow. I know not the impressions you may have received from my former letter, as I have seen no notice of it in any number of the TELEGRAPH I have received. Perhaps you discovered that the pieces, or some of them, were not original. At all events I consider the foregoing explanation due to you.

As it may not be uninteresting to you, I will give a brief history of the progress of Spiritualism in Galveston. We have not been favored with the visit of any *professed* medium from abroad, but have had to depend entirely upon domestic developments and the guidance of our own suggestions, aided by the various publications relating to the subject. Consequently, there has been but little system in our efforts, and no regular formation or meeting of circles.

The first manifestation of which I know any thing, occurred in the room where I now write, in Nov., 1852, and purported to come from a deceased daughter. Not one sitting around the table at the time had ever been present at any previous manifestation. All were conversing, with their hands resting on the table, and social mirth and pleasantness prevailed—no one anticipating any thing extraordinary. After more than half an hour, the table commenced moving, and the surprise and strong excitement that took possession of the company could not for a time be suppressed. As soon as calmness was restored, a series of affectionate inquiries were put by the mother and brothers of the departed, and answered in a most apt and satisfactory manner through the alphabet. She spelled her name in full, declared that she was really present, declared her undying love for her parents, and as a message to them spelled out—"Believe in God." Since that time he has made many communications, all characterized by earnest love and pure devotion.

During the ensuing winter, spring, summer, and autumn, meetings were frequently but irregularly held by those feeling an interest in the subject, and generally with favorable results. Two writing mediums were developed, one a lady, who, though

she could not be persuaded to persevere in the exercise or cultivation of her high gifts, manifested extraordinary power and aptitude, and is gratefully remembered for the many sweet and affectionate communications transmitted through her to the bereaved in this sphere from their departed relatives and friends; the other, a gentleman, a native of New York, who died of the yellow-fever in this city about twelve months ago. He was distinctly admonished of his approaching end some two weeks before the event by the Spirit of a departed niece, while sitting with me alone one evening, though at the time we could not tell to which of us the warning was addressed. Since his exit he has often visited our circles; and on the first occasion, while sitting in the same room, after announcing his presence by a succession of very loud raps in answer to a request from us for him to come, he thus addressed us (having often sat with us while in the form) through the alphabet.

"My God, you all look as natural as you ever did. All I formerly believed I found true, and far superior to my conceptions. But I can not tell what I would—too tedious."

His wife being present he said in the same mode:

"My dear wife, I am with you, and truly glad to see you where we have so often met before."

His kind offices were again exercised in our behalf on a later occasion, but I may as well state the circumstance in this connection.

While Mrs. — (whose card I see in the TELEGRAPH of the 9th inst.) was sojourning in our city—say about the first of May last—she was called upon to exercise her clairvoyant powers in behalf of a sick lady. She accordingly, as is her custom, threw herself, by the magnet, into the superior state, and from where she sat, proceeded mentally to the room of the patient. After examining her condition and prescribing the suitable remedies, which she always does with great accuracy and success, she remarked that she had met upon the sidewalk, while returning from the sick room, the spirit of O. B., a vagrant formerly well known in Galveston, then recently deceased, who told her that he would come to our circle that night and do mischief or create confusion. Accordingly, no sooner had the circle organized than O. B. announced himself, and declared his intention to make disturbance, giving us to understand, that as soon as the lights were extinguished (for we had to sit in darkness in order to get the higher and more wonderful order of physical manifestations) he would break or injure the furniture, and harm the persons of those present. This greatly terrified the ladies and especially Mrs. —, whose temperament is highly nervous, delicate, and excitable. At length, Mrs. —, addressing her deceased husband, said, "H—, can't you prevent O. B. from disturbing the circle? pray do, if possible." He replied, "I will try to keep him sober."

Thereupon the lights were extinguished, and the phenomena, which we had on several occasions witnessed before, occurred, without the least injury to the person or property of any one. There were about twenty persons present, sitting in a semi-circle around the room. The piano commenced playing, and continued for about half an hour—no one touching it. The lighter articles—parasols, books, papers, pens, a porcelain sand-box, glass wafer-box, cards, a large pile of sheet music, etc., etc.—were borne through and suspended in the air in every direction, brought from an adjoining room, placed or thrown into the laps or at the persons of the different individuals; a walking-stick was violently torn from a gentleman's hand; several present were touched, grasped, or pressed with more or less force; in the mean time, communications were made through the piano, the keys being used instead of raps. Nothing, however, was broken or injured, even the articles of glass, thrown as they were across the room upon the floor, remained unbroken. These phenomena, and similar, were often witnessed, while Mrs. — was in this city; and should you deem it a matter of sufficient interest, I will refer you to her for these and many other manifestations, to which she can bear testimony.

Two brief communications written by the hand of the deceased medium referred to, I will here give, together with the circumstances attending them.

In the month of July, 1843, a gentleman of this vicinity, who had become blind, having lost a pistol, one of Colt's revolvers, wished to find it through the Spirits. He accordingly asked at a circle (the said medium being present) if the Spirits could tell him what had become of his pistol? It was immediately written in reply by the hand of the medium, as follows, viz.:

"I know nothing of the implement of death; and of what possible use could it be to you to have such an instrument of sin, death, and destruction." (Signed) "PETER THE HERMIT."

I was standing at the time near the table, and thinking the name fictitious, or, rather, assumed; I remarked aloud, "That is probably a *nom-de-guerre*." Several persons present asked for communications, but none being given, I said: "Let the Spirit say whom it wishes to communicate with," and instantly by the hand of the medium wrote as follows:

"To — (myself)—"You seem to doubt my identity. A correct historian like you should have known Peter the Hermit was no *nom-de-guerre*."

guerre. You may be assured that it was none other than Peter who replied to the question put respecting the new arm of war—one wholly unknown during my sojourn on earth. Believe me when I tell you that I am what I represent myself to be.—PETER THE HERMIT."

The following is the eighty-third piece written by Ada. It was written on the 17th ultimo, and the day afterward she wrote the subjoined poetic translation. You will perceive that it does not purport to be original from the note which accompanied the piece, "Zod," etc. I have not been able to decipher this note, or to find the piece in any Latin works to which I have access. You may be more successful. I copy from Ada's manuscript, even to the punctuation and italicizing. There was a word after "apud," but so blotted that I could not make it out.

Non vinum ut vinum appetitur, sed tale bonumque  
Sic et vita, ut vita est nil, nisi bona; quod si  
Est misera, ut vinum corruptum despicitur.  
Esse quidem, per se, nec amandum nec fugiendum est.

Quippe habet hoc quamvis vilissima reola, vermis,  
Musca, lapis, cortex; nihil est optabile adeptum  
Conditione boni; nisi sit tale, esse bonumque,  
Non video optari, orem possit amari.

Zod. vii., lib. 8, apud —

### TRANSLATION.

Not wine as wine men choose, but as it came  
From such or such a vintage; 'tis the same  
With life, which simply must be understood  
As blank negation, if it be not good.  
But if 'tis wretched all—as men decline  
And loathe the sour lees of corrupted wine—  
'Tis so to be contented. Merely to flee  
Is not a boon to seek, nor ill to flee,  
Seeing that every lightest little thing  
Has it in common, from a gnat's small wing,  
A creeping worm, down to the moveless stone  
And crumbling bark from trees. Unless to be  
And to be blessed we are, I do not see  
In bare existence, as existence, naught  
That's worthy to be loved or to be sought.

The following was written the same day, Aug. 17. I have copied the original as well as I could, not understanding the language in which it is written, and the medium herself being unable to throw any light upon it further than is mysteriously suggested to her by impression.

Kiosken ar tie slogen,  
Ran old och erand,  
Och flendens hand,  
Bevard, O Gud! den stad och land,  
Kiosken ar tie slang gan.

The clock has sounded ten.  
From fire, from brand,  
From hostile hand,  
Save, O God! this town and land.  
The clock has sounded ten.

The following is a small extract from the end of a poem, or what seems one, written in an unknown dialect, alike incomprehensible to the medium, myself, and all others who have examined it. None can make any thing of it, and no translation has as yet been given to the medium, although I am told she has often asked for one. Copying from a blindly written manuscript, and guided by imitation mostly, it would be singular if the copy shows what the original intends to be. It may suggest something new, useful, or agreeable to somebody curious enough to examine it and learned enough to understand it. Accept it *de bene esse*.

Mahquis Kiorkasidus y elars sic  
O' chos an tie stod ochies mienne  
Reprenez as salvidante morator mamia  
Salutus deero lispude muntadi  
Svabum deo alous meni aerodi  
Lispadiolo mom noto fleeto dromer  
Saban brendi novuni sic dresder  
Levitus dita book liams sic vi qua  
Caerons slagint instrodet mamia.  
Fritz Belatting.

I close with the following hymn, which purports to be original, no name being subscribed. It was written on the 12th of August, and, original or selected, is certainly an exquisite and noble production.

### LET THERE BE LIGHT.

Let there be light! The Eternal spoke,  
And from the abyss where darkness rode,  
The earliest dawn of nature broke,  
And light around creation flowed.  
The glad earth smiled to see the day.  
The first-born day came blushing in;  
The young day smiled to shed its ray  
Upon a world untouched by sin.

"Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,  
The God who first the day-beam poured,  
Whispered again his fiat forth,  
And shed the gospel's light abroad;  
And, like the dawn, its cheering rays  
On rich and poor were meant to fall,  
Inspiring their Redeemer's praise  
In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first  
Flashes the signal-light for prayer;

Come with the earliest beams that burst  
From God's bright throne of glory there;  
Come! kneel to him, who through the night  
Hath watched above thy sleeping soul—  
To him whose mercies, like the light,  
Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

During the last three months the manifestations have increased in interest. Communications are often written by unseen hands—paper and a pencil being placed upon or under the table, or with chalk on the table around which the circle is sitting. Beautiful tunes are played on the guitar placed under the table. Ear-rings, finger-rings, breast-pins, and bracelets are taken from the persons of the ladies, mixed together in a confused mass, and then each restored to its place upon, or placed in the hand of the owner. Articles of dress, silver plate, etc., are brought from wardrobes and closets in distant parts of the house—taken from locked drawers and through locked doors (the keys being in the locks), and placed upon the table. On one occasion a copper grape-shot was taken from a trunk in an upper room, brought down stairs, and rolled over the table, and a ball of prepared chalk was brought from a distant house in the city, and a rose pulled from its stem in the front yard and placed in the hands of a young man sitting in the circle. Hands purporting to be of departed brothers, fathers, sisters, and other relatives, take hold of ours—press them, and press each finger separately—and their lips are pressed to our own as distinctly as fondly, and their breath is felt upon our faces as warmly as if they were in the form.

Like Nicodemus, we may ask in surprise, "How can these things be?" Is the spiritual body obvious to our touch—can its breath fan our cheeks, or does the Spirit mold to its use grosser elements for the occasion? I can not answer. I only know that I have felt and witnessed the things I have related, and should be most happy if some of the eminent and enlightened Spiritualists of your city were present to do the like.

Yours truly, EBENEZER ALLEN.

NOTE.—In one instance, viz., that of the silver spoon, the key was not in the lock. The drawer in which they were kept was in an armor standing in a chamber, and the key (the drawer being locked) was taken out and deposited in another part of the house for safety. The circle was sitting in a lower room; and, among other demonstrations, the mysterious power or agency claiming to be the Spirit of the departed, but which the skeptically wise ones call electricity, odor, force, delusion, etc., without any human aid or interposition, found the key, opened the doors of the armor, unlocked the drawer, took out the spoon (wrapped in blotting-paper and tied with a string), conveyed them out of the room, through a passage, down the stairs, through another passage into the room, and placed them upon the table in the midst of the circle. They also took a long ornamental band used as a head-dress by a young lady at the table, from her trunk in the same chamber, and bringing it into the circle placed it upon her head, winding it twice around, and fastening it with a pin, as gracefully and properly as she could have done it herself. This and much more occurred on the 24th inst., 10 P.M.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 26, 1854.

S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—As the last mail steambot for New Orleans was suffered to depart without my letter of the 23d inst., I have concluded to extend my communication to some other facts connected with the same subject-matter. To you, promptly apprised of the most striking manifestations as they occur throughout the wide area of spiritual research, our local phenomena, as presented by me, may appear comparatively tame and devoid of interest. Be it so. You are sole judge of the merits and defects of the information I thus transmit, and unless upon inspection it shall be found to square in point of novelty as well as truth, with other specimens of work admitted by the master to be used in building up the walls of the temple, let it be cast aside as rubbish.

Mrs. —, who is now in the city of New York, came to this place early in January last, and remained until about the middle of May. As a clairvoyant, she possesses remarkable powers. Her first specialty is doubtless for maladies, and her prescriptions have, in many cases, some of which had been long-standing diseases, defying for years the efforts and skill of deeply learned and highly respected physicians, proved signally efficacious. This can be established by the clearest evidence, without going beyond the limits of our city. Instances of her finding things lost, and persons not heard from for years, are many, and susceptible of easy proof.

She could, at any time, voluntarily bring on clairvoyance by holding in her hands the magnet, and not unfrequently she was thrown involuntarily and suddenly into this state, startling those near her at the time. On such occasions the condition seemed to be induced by supermundane intelligences, who then spoke through her as a medium. Once I heard her address a company assembled in a drawing-room in the character of Gen. B., who died some four years ago, and of whom she knew nothing. She, or rather he, spoke about forty minutes, referring to and relating a chain of incidents and transactions beginning twenty years before, and coming down to the time of his dissolution; and in manner, gestures, figures of speech, and peculiarities of style, expression, etc., so clearly copying his former self, that his friends present at once recognized and saluted him. The subject of his address was "Internal improvements in Texas," and the address itself, in point of strong practical sense, sound positions, and brilliant oratory, would have done honor to the best and brightest of our statesmen.

About the 7th of May last, while calmly sitting in her room and conversing with two ladies of her acquaintance, she was suddenly and spontaneously entranced. I should have stated

before, that, in this condition, she is often subject to striking emblematic visions, portraying future events. Soon she became deeply agitated, overpowered with grief and insufferable distress. Tears flowed down her face, and in tones of horror and anguish she uttered abrupt and incoherent expressions, such as: "Can nothing save them?" "Must they all perish?" "I see them lying upon the ground—all dead—the whole city!" On being urgently questioned, she said that she saw all the people of the place lying dead, the ground covered with their bodies in every attitude of suffering and distress. She saw all her own friends lying lifeless among them. Again she exclaimed: "Is there no help?" "Must they perish?" After another brief interval of weeping, she exclaimed, in sudden joy, "No! they are saved!" "A LITTLE MAN comes to their rescue!" "Goliath is slain!" "The enemy is defeated!" "They are saved!" etc. Soon after she said that it was a vision she saw, but that it had passed away; that the vision was emblematic of some dreadful calamity which, threatened, our city—whether fire, sword, pestilence, or flood she could not tell; but it seemed that the evil would be averted—that "even while we slept some frightful danger was brooding over us!"

Whatever doubts may be entertained respecting the truth of the vision, no one can doubt as to the reality of the threatened danger. Galveston is still prostrate under the scourge of the PESTILENCE! The YELLOW FEVER never before so fatally, so generally, and so unexpectedly prevailed, as it has during this season.

But the city has just been preserved from a more formidable visitation, viz., a flood, that has swept with ruin and destruction over other neighboring places on the coast. Entire towns have been washed away, and many (how many we know not yet) of our fellow-beings have been ruthlessly snatched away by the torrent, even while they slept! The echoes of this fearful storm have hardly yet subsided, and we are just becoming aware of the danger we have escaped, and stupidly wondering how it has come to pass! Galveston was as much exposed as any of the places submerged, and more than most of them. Yet, by some momentarily operating cause—the wind veering round by the west instead of the east—suspending the working of the tempest for half an hour! (which did NOT HAPPEN ELSEWHERE), Galveston was saved!

E. ALLEN.

### COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte is destined hereafter to place human inquiry and research upon a sure and lasting basis. Hitherto Philosophy, so called, has been quite a medley of conjectures and facts, laws and theories, dreams and inductions, vague generalities, and indefinite imaginings. In some departments it has attained considerable definiteness and accuracy, while in others it is still crude, mixed, and mythological. Just at this stage of its history and growth, it required a master-mind with a widely comprehensive range, and a powerfully discriminative eye to collate and digest it, and furnish the philosophic world with the true law or principle which must govern and control all properly directed and efficient inquiry. When we have this law or principle, it is an easy matter to apply it to the adjudication of cases, and the analysis of phenomena. But it requires a superior mind to detect and announce that principle. Schoolboys can now explain the movement of the heavenly bodies, etc., by the law of gravitation. But a Newton only was adequate to the discovery of that law. As this law brought order and harmony out of material chaos, so the law of mental growth, announced by Comte, will bring order and harmony out of a corresponding mental chaos. This law he calls the "Law of Mental Evolution." He says that the Human Mind in its progress passes successively through three stages of development, and employs three methods of philosophizing, the character of which is essentially different and even radically opposed.

1st. The Theological or Fictitious;  
2d. The Metaphysical or Abstract; and  
3d. The Scientific or Positive.  
The first is the necessary point of starting of the Human Intellect—The state in which it first begins to think and reflect upon the phenomena of Nature, and refer them back to causes. The second is merely a transition stage from the Theological or Supernatural to the Positive or Scientific; and the third is the fixed and definite state wherein knowledge becomes Positive, and capable of its legitimate office and use in the development of man.

In the Theological stage, phenomena are explained by referring them to the arbitrary wills and caprices of *Superior Powers*, who, placed immediately over the World, directly produce and superintend all that comes to pass. Nature is regarded only as the theater whereon these Powers display their variable wills; and man, finding their correspondence in the analogies of his own nature, ascribes to them all the human passions, caprices, and desires; and he elaborates immense Orders and Hierarchies of Gods and Goddesses, having each their special function. This is the era of credulity, imagination, wonder, and supernaturalism. And it arrives at its highest



perfection when it substitutes the action of a single Omnipotent and Omnipotent Being or God for the varied operations of the numerous divinities which had been before imagined.

In the Metaphysical stage, the mind supposes instead of supernatural agents, *abstract forces, veritable entities*, inherent in each and all things, and capable of producing all phenomena. In this stage the mind (youthful, vigorous, and just verging on to manhood) subtilizes phenomena, and attempts to grasp the *essential properties*, the *real essences* or the *substrata* of things. This is the era of scholastic subtleties, polemic wit, and metaphysical bewilderment; and it attains its maximum when one great Entity, Nature, is substituted as the cause of all phenomena, instead of the multifarious entities at first supposed.

In the Positive stage, the mind has given over the fanciful conception of superior powers immediately producing and directing affairs, and the idle search after abstract entities, and betakes itself to the study of the *laws and principles* by and under which phenomena are invariably produced and regulated. These laws and principles being constant and immutable when once ascertained, impart to us a power, calculation, and foresight unattainable in any other way. Inasmuch as these laws and principles, in their totality denominated the *Laws of Nature*, embraced all the phenomena in the Heavens and on the Earths, they are regarded as the sum-total of human investigations. This is the scientific era—the era of facts and their scientific exposition and classification.

The growth and development of the Individual Mind is not only an illustration, but a proof of the course of development of the Collective Mind; for the Race is but the repetition of the Individual. The point of departure of the Individual and of the Race being the same, all the different phases and states of development of the former correspond to all the various epochs of the mind of the latter. Childhood, for instance, is proverbially the season of credulous and imaginative supernaturalism, wherein the wildest and most fantastic explanations of the agency of Superior Powers in the production of phenomena are accepted. This stage corresponds to the theological age of the World. Youth and early manhood is proverbially the season of metaphysical abstractions, scholastic wit, and polemic subtleties; and this stage corresponds to the Metaphysical or Abstract age of the World; while Manhood is the season of mature reflection upon, careful inquiry into, and knowledge of, the laws that regulate the succession of phenomena, and this stage corresponds to the Positive or Scientific age of the World. Each of us is aware, if he looks back upon his past history, that he was a theologian in his childhood, a metaphysician in his youth, and a natural philosopher in his manhood.

This law of Mental Evolution, it is obvious, divides Philosophy into three grades or classes, for all Philosophy takes its character and color from the states of development of the mind—this mind after all determining the quality of the philosophy. These three classes are the Theologic or Supernaturalistic Philosophy, the Metaphysical or Abstract Philosophy, and the Positive or Scientific Philosophy. We have neither time, nor space, nor inclination to remark at length on either the Theologic or Metaphysical, but to illustrate the office and nature of the Positive Philosophy let me extract one or two of our author's paragraphs.

"As we have seen, the first characteristic of the Positive Philosophy is, that it regards all phenomena as subject to invariable Laws. Our business is to pursue an accurate discovery of these Laws, with a view of reducing them to the smallest possible number. By speculating upon causes, we could solve no difficulty about origin and purpose. Our real business is to analyze accurately the circumstances of phenomena, and to connect them by the natural relations of succession and resemblance. The best illustration of this is in the case of the doctrine of Gravitation. We say that the general phenomena of the Universe are explained by it, because it connects, under one head, the whole immense variety of astronomical facts; exhibiting the constant tendency of atoms toward each other in direct proportion to their masses, and in inverse proportion to the squares of their distance; while the general fact itself is a mere extension of one which is perfectly familiar to us, and which we therefore say we know—the weight of bodies on the surface of the earth. As to what weight and attraction are, we have nothing to do with that, for it is not a matter of knowledge at all. Theologians and Metaphysicians may imagine and refine about such questions; but Positive Philosophy rejects them. When any attempt has been made to explain them, it has ended only in saying, that attraction is universal weight and that weight is terrestrial attraction; i. e., that the two orders of phenomena are identical; which is the point whence the question started. Again, M. Fourier, in his fine series of researches on Heat, has given us all the most important and precise laws of the phenomena of heat, and many large and new truths, without once inquiring into its nature, as his predecessors had done, when they disputed about caloric matter, and the action of a universal ether. In treating his subject in the Positive method, he finds inexhaustible material for all his activity of research, without betaking himself to insoluble questions."

This will give the reader a clear idea of the purpose and aim of the Positive order of philosophy.

As the development of Philosophy follows the development of the Human Mind, so all knowledge passes successively through these three grades. A certain individual or class of individuals, themselves occupying the Theological plane, and philosophizing in certain departments of knowledge and inquiry, will project in those departments a theological philosophy. Another class, occupying the Metaphysical plane, will project a corresponding abstract philosophy; while another class, occupying the Scientific plane, will project a Positive philosophy. Some philosophers or cultivators of knowledge, being in the Theological stage, others in the Metaphysical, and others in the Positive, many of the branches of human knowledge partake of each. Some have largely of the theological element, others are more characterized by the metaphysical, and others again by the Positive. Besides, as our author says, "the different kinds of knowledge pass through these stages of progress at different rates, and do not therefore arrive at the Positive grade at the same time." Some are in the Theological stage, others in the Metaphysical, and others in the Positive. The rate of advance depends upon the nature of the knowledge in question, so distinctly as to constitute this fact an accessory to the fundamental law of progress. Any kind of knowledge reaches the Positive stage early, in proportion to its generality, simplicity, and independence of other sciences. Astronomical science, which above all others is made up of facts that are general, simple, and independent of other sciences, arrived first; then terrestrial Physics; then Chemistry; then Physiology. The various sciences do not come forward through these grades in a strictly chronological order; some present a mixture of the three different elements; some are yet in the domain of Theology; others in that of Metaphysics, and others in the Positive. Sociology, or the science of man's true social conditions and relations, for instance, is in a mixed state, partaking largely of the three elements. There are some theological sociologists who still believe in the divine right of kings, the *ius sacra* of majorities, and various other forms of theocracy, from the visible and temporal reign of a coming Messiah, down to the daily litany of the Priesthood, who pray

for "our senators and representatives in Congress assembled." There are some metaphysical sociologists who deal in "social abstractions," and exhortate "Utopias," "Platonic Republics," "Cities of the Sun," "Lands of perpetual Peace," etc.; while there are Positive sociologists who endeavor to ascertain and apply the true laws of man's social nature to the harmonization of his life on earth. Again, Religion, which is the science, of man's relation to, and conjunction with, God, through and by means of his observance of all the physical, passion, moral, intellectual, and spiritual laws of his organization, is almost wholly in the theological state; while astronomy, chemistry, physiology, etc., are in the Positive degree. Thus, in these various conditions and degrees of development, do we find all the branches of our knowledge.

Now Comte undertakes to apply this Law of Mental Evolution to all the sciences, to test and analyze their present condition by it, and to show how each can be brought forward to a higher degree of perfection, and placed upon an enduring basis. It is easy for the reader to see what a work there is among the sciences for an analysis and classification of this sort; and what an amplitude, and scope, and revolutionary operation the subject has. It not only shows the true state of development of each branch of human knowledge, and of those philosophers who cultivate it, but it also determines what books are purely theological, or have originated from the theologic or supernaturalistic plane, what are metaphysical, what mixed, and what positive and scientific. This work Comte has undertaken to perform in his body of "Positive Philosophy," and if he has not entirely succeeded, yet he has pointed out the true method and begun the work.

I have seen the following objection made to the book by the *Tribune* reviewer, and others, namely: "That it is materialistic, and that, depending in a great measure upon sensuous observation, it ignores the spiritual, or those facts and phenomena cognized by our spiritual sense. Although this objection is in part valid, yet it seems to me that it does not at all detract from the merits of Comte's discovery of a general law of Mind, and of his application of it to the spheres of knowledge with which he was conversant. Suppose Comte's intellectual faculties were more developed than, and predominated over, his spiritual powers (as was the case with Bacon before him), and that this peculiar organization led him to apply this law of Mental Evolution, only in a materialistic way, leaving out of view the spiritual, yet there, I say, is just where the work must begin, and he was just the man for it. It belongs to the man of superadded or superior spiritual powers to carry the law into the spiritual realm, and apply it to spiritual phenomena and knowledge. As well might we find fault with Newton's 'Principia,' in that it did not carry the law of Gravitation into the spiritual kingdoms, and show that the same great law of Attraction was there the source of all the spiritual harmonies. The objection is puerile and short-sighted. Moreover, if by attention, since Comte's time, to certain remarkable phenomena claimed to proceed from the spiritual, the world has been led into a new era of inquiry, the more is the necessity, if Comte's law of mental progress is a fundamental one, of applying it in this new field. The man of competent qualifications, who would go to show and apply this law to the modern spiritual philosophy, and show how much of it belongs to the theologic or supernaturalistic grade, how much to the metaphysical, and how much was positive, or the result of invariable spiritual laws, would perform an invaluable service to the world. To analyze and classify all these wonderful phenomena, and discover to us the laws and conditions under and by which communication with spirits invariably takes place, and make our knowledge respecting it positive; and also demonstrate what communications proceed from theologic spirits, what from metaphysical spirits, and what from scientific spirits, or the spirits on the three grades of development in the other life, would be an office of immense value to modern Spiritualism. Comte did not do so, merely because he was not a Spiritualist."

I have thus given an outline of the Positive method of philosophizing as taught by our author. Every student ought to read the book. It will give him a taste for accurate and definite knowledge, chasten and facilitate his progress, get him rid of a vast amount of lumber, and render his research and knowledge efficient. Among certain classes the book will be unpopular. Those who are given to system-making and theorizing upon isolated facts, will decry it! It will be unpopular with those who are attached to old philosophies and creeds, that rest upon much conjecture and few facts; and finally, it will be denounced by the orthodox clergy and their aiders and abettors as Infidel and Heretical; inasmuch as it virtually advocates a scientific or positive Religion, and because they are themselves, as a general thing, still on the theologic plane of development.

The volume I have read is Miss Martineau's translation, published by Calvin Blanchard, New York, and sold by Partridge & Brittan.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 11th, 1854.

#### SONNET.

"Father, the hour is come." In power  
To man declare thy law,  
That he, assimilate in love,  
May thee in love adore;  
Impress upon this plastic thought  
The teaching he should know,  
That by the leadings of thy will,  
He may in knowledge grow;  
That error, and its subtle claim,  
Thy truth may cleanse away;  
So, cleansed from spots of sin,  
Know the eternal day.

Where Wisdom, Love, and Truth in radiant glory shine,  
And man, enfranchised, knows his spirit is as thine.  
—NEW YORK, July, 1854.

TALKING SPANISH.—Mr. Greery, writing from Hancock, Wis., says: "We had a circle last evening, and my brother was controlled to speak Spanish. The Spirit went into the conjugation of verbs, which he translated for the benefit of my youngest brother, who has studied that language some." Surely I can't see but what the Spirits would make good school-teachers, though our superintendent might perhaps think it necessary that they have a *certificate*, as he is of the opinion that it is the *devil*. For my part, I am not inclined to question their qualifications."

The butterfly is at once the symbol of inconstancy and of immortality. This is not contradictory: man is inconstant because he seeks; he seeks because he is immortal.

Who can feel what a beautiful and elevated sentiment may develop in the soul? It is the perfume in the flower, the flavor in the fruit, the light in the atmosphere.

## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1854.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A REASON WRITTEN."—We desire to inform our friend "G," who writes us under the above caption, that we regard the subject-matter to which his article refers as unprofitable to talk about, and that many discriminating friends who are familiar with the facts, entertain a similar opinion. For this reason it is deemed advisable to withhold the article.

"D. P. K."—Your letter of the 9th ult. we have been unable to answer in any manner that would realize your wish. When we had no "field of labor" we went in search of one, and when we found it not, we resolved, with the blessing of Heaven, to make one. What can we do for thee, brother?

A friend in Poughkeepsie, who assures us that he can not express how much he enjoys the reading of the TELEGRAPH, in a recent letter, incloses for publication a selected article, entitled "A Remarkable Manifestation," which has already appeared in our columns. We know Mr. —, to whom our correspondent refers, and agree with him in his estimate of the man.

R. H. BROWN, Detroit.—We have often thought of such a book as you speak of in your letter of the 23d ult., and have no doubt but it will be demanded hereafter. We think its publication at present would be premature.

J. M. T., Waukegan.—Our columns are very much crowded at present, but it is our custom to publish those things which in our judgment are most valuable. Forward any thing that possesses an intrinsic interest, and it will be likely to appear.

G. WATKINS, Charleston, Mo.—Shall we send you the Telegraph Papers, postage prepaid? The amount, if paid at your office, will be \$1 60; if paid here, the postage will be but 50 cents.

#### "A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

Such is the beautiful title of the new spiritual poem uttered in 30 hours through the mediumship of THOMAS L. HARRIS, and just issued in an elegant volume of 250 pages, from the TELEGRAPH press. The readers of this paper are already somewhat familiar with its character from the extracts we have heretofore published from the proof-sheets. But no fragmentary extracts could, nor, indeed, can any thing short of the volume itself, carefully read, convey a just impression of the full scope and merits of this remarkable, and, in parts, sublime utterance. In attempting a brief notice we expect to do no more than outline the history of its composition or creation, glance at its spirit and purpose, and give some specimens of its subject-matter, hoping thereby to induce those who read what we have to say to possess themselves of this beautiful poem, and read it, if it may so be, with as much pleasure as it has given us. The "Lyric" is a poem, like the "Epic of the Starry Heaven," in irregular verse, but the irregularity is not inharmonious, as most irregularities in this world are. The "Lyric" is possessed of a tender and exquisite harmony throughout its varying and melodious measure and strain. Considerably longer than the "Epic," it was uttered in the same manner, only in a briefer space of time in proportion to its length. An "Appendix" note to the volume gives the external history of the "Lyric" as follows:

"On the 1st of January, 1854, at the hour of noon, the archetypal ideas were internally wrought by spiritual agency into the inmost mind of the Medium, he at that time having passed into a spiritual or interior condition. From that time till the fourth of August, fed by continual influxes of celestial life, these archetypal ideas internally unfolded within his interior or spiritual self; until at length, having attained to their maturity, they descended into the externals of the mind, uttered themselves in speech, and were transcribed as spoken by the Medium, he, by spiritual agencies, being temporarily elevated to the spiritual degree of the mind for that purpose, and the external form being rendered quiet by a process which is analogous to physical death. The poem was dictated at intervals during parts of about fourteen days, the actual time occupied in its delivery being about thirty hours. 'The History,' 'Preface,' 'Prelude,' and 'Finale' of the Poem, together with this appended note, in the same manner were uttered and transcribed."

It is due to Mr. Harris to add, that in his waking condition he had not the most remote knowledge or conception of any part of the Poem till it was unfolded to his utterance by superior powers. The incidental history of the delivery of the "Lyric" is the same, in almost every respect, as that narrated by the Editor of this paper in his essay introductory to the "Epic of the Starry Heaven." We shall not, therefore, repeat it. We are, of course, not aware what verdict materialistic critics will pass upon the "Lyric." Some have already spoken of it from a literary point of view, and pronounced it "beautiful" and "exquisite." Journals from whose editors nothing but ridicule of Spiritualism was to be expected, have been forced to admit that this volume presents extraordinary claims to consideration, and probably if they were on they would be ready to believe in the possibility of Spirit-authorship on their plane to credit the "Lyric of the Morning Land" to such a source. They confess to the wondrous fertility of its thought and imagery, and the felicity of its expression—which, we venture to say, are not surpassed in any poem in existence. Spiritualists, who have no difficulty on the score of belief in the possibility of Spirit-authorship, through mortal mediums, will, we are satisfied, be deeply impressed by the internal evidence the "Lyric" bears of its claim to spiritual origin. Certainly those who are familiar with Brother Harris, and have been more or less witnesses of the manner in which these utterances have been given, can no more doubt their Spirit-origin than they can deny to themselves the possession of their own natural senses. For ourself, we need express no opinion of the comparative merits of the "Lyric" and the "Epic," for a comparison is scarcely called for. The topics treated in the two poems are essentially different; each calling for a peculiar expression. Both are full of melody, brilliancy, and sweetness. Love is the spirit ruling in both—and preeminently in the "Lyric." We may be mistaken—it may be a conceit or prejudice on our part—but we believe there are passages in the "Lyric" equal to the highest and best poetical utterances in our language. Of course, as much of the poem is descriptive, and the transition of measure is frequent, the brilliancy and sublimity are not equally sustained throughout; nor would the "Lyric" be improved, in a literary point of view even, if they were. As constructed and uttered, the poem is replete with variety—there is no monotony—no wearying over its pages. There is something to employ and reward all the faculties of the reader's mind and heart. Tender images and thoughts, pleasant scenes, rapturous flights, joyous apostrophes, sublime soarings, prayers, trusts, and thanks.

The Poem is dedicated "To the Pure in Heart," and has for its motto, "In my Father's House are many mansions." It is divided into three parts, "Pallas," "Hesperus," and "The Sun," each preceded by prefacing and prelude strains. The Preface and Prelude to the first part are preceded by a brief "History," in which we learn that of the skies;

"This Poem is a Love-child of the skies;  
'Twas bred in Heaven with breath like bridal bloom;  
Sweet May dew-fed its lips; it ope'd its eyes  
Where Hesper's nuptial sphere with love perfumes  
The vault of ether, and, from Heaven down led,  
Seven months within a mortal's breast was fed."

And that

"It sprang to outward shape; unformed by art,  
Full-fledged it left its nest within the heart  
And sung melodious in external airs  
As the same rose-tree many roses bears  
As the same eye hath many smiles of light;  
And the same bosom many a sweet delight  
And the same lute a manifold refrain;  
And many drops one golden shower of rain;  
So the same Heaven from whence this child came down,  
Peopled by countless ones of old renown,  
Heath many poems mightier and more grand  
Than this fair Infant from their Morning Land."

"When summer winds were whispering through the glade,  
This Infant was, as in a manger, laid  
When summer clouds went wandering o'er the streams  
Our Medium sung it, while entranced in dreams  
Through twilight and sweet morn. A faithful Friend  
The rapid speech, trance-spoken, truly penned;  
And all the while the Spirit, through whose breath  
The song was uttered, knew terrestrial death,  
And, in his inmost felt, saw, heard and knew  
The bright song's essence."

And of various parts of the Poem we learn that—

"The vision of the victory-bringing Lord  
Was traced upon a sun-illumined scroll  
Ere the bright song came down, this inly heard  
And saw the Poet, freed from earth's control."

While—

"The vision of the Lamb was penned by one  
Who, when deep sleep had veil'd of stars had thrown  
Over the Poet, strove the words to write  
From the trained lips that fed on Heaven's delight."

And—

"The interlude of that pure soul of fire,  
Who dwells in Pallas' hall the fairy choir,  
Was spoken through the Medium, overtaken  
With weary pain, some time in April past."

"And for the rest, 'twas given, as one might play  
Upon a lute, at intervals by day,  
Within the space it takes the moon to unfold  
Her slender crescent to a disk of gold;  
And 'twere not hard to count the time in hours—  
Ten full-blown roses, twenty orange flowers."

In the "Preface" we are told that—

"When Saints, on bended knee, look up to Heaven,  
The soul, inspired with love, from Heaven is fed."

And that—

"Rarely the Poet reads the inner sense  
And Orphic meaning of the Universe."

Also, that—

"Through Prayer this path was trodden; he who heard  
The thoughts that in these measured pages are,  
Through adoration offered to the Lord,  
Beheld th' unseen, held communion with the far."

And further, that—

"They only can excel who write the thought  
That dominates the mind and rules the breast.  
Experience, into language fitly wrought,  
Is Truth, and truth when in song expressed."

For Poetry was man's primal speech."

We are assured that the "Lyric" can not be slain, by whatever enemies, and that it shall be dear to Maidens, and Lovers, and Husbands, and Wives:

"A consolation, when the outward form  
Sleeps silently where pallid death-flowers bloom."

"A whisper from the Heart's eternity,  
A holy voice from Eden's nuptial trees."

And young Poets are to be made glad by it, and the Song-Spirits close their Preface with—

"Take it, O World, it is an Angel boon,  
Dear-purchased by the hand that bore it down;  
Take it, another nobler lyric soon  
This gift shall follow and this offering crown."

The sweet "Prelude," which is a questioning how the roses bloom, and where the perfumes, rich and rare, pass and fly, and a rebuke to the materialist skeptic who rejects the spiritual because he can not understand it, when it is no more a baffler of his search than the secrets of the color and perfume of the rose—this sweet Prelude we leave for the reader to enjoy unbroken.

With part first, "Pallas," the Lyric opens, introducing to the Medium's vision a

"Spirit, wise, and calm, and holy,  
Sitting beside a temple's western gate,  
And when the sun set he arose in state,  
And, ere the crimson tints had faded wholly,  
He drew his floating mantle round his breast,  
Receding from my sight, until afar  
His luminous forehead glimmered like a star  
That sparkles o'er some heavenly mountain crest."

"Then came a Maiden, clothed in silver light,  
With pale, green sea-flowers twined around her brow;  
She held an emerald crown before my sight,  
And called me to her."

The Medium obeyed, as one who sails in sleep, in an enchanted barge, The Maiden bade him list, and he heard the chorus of the sea-shells; more heavenly than the music of any bird. At last he seemed to wake, as one who hears celestial music. And he tells how

"There was a Poet, stol'n by Death from Time,  
Before his heart had blossomed into song."

And when he (the Medium) woke he heard the voice of this Poet's soul welcoming him, and learned that he was in the fair island of Pallas, where we are told there is no sorrow; where summer hath hidden herself in caves and grottoes, and the bliss of love is perpetual. And the Poet rehearses to the Medium the story of his death on earth. It is a beautiful story. The Poet dies and is rid of the sorrows and "a fling" incident to his earth-career. His spirit is drawn upward. He beholds wondrous sights, mysterious processes, and learns that they embody "Creation, Life, and Immortality." He is given a choice of several alternates:

"Either to ascend,  
Six days in planet Jupiter to spend;  
Or else to be transported into Mars;  
Or borne away among the unknown stars."

A Spirit within the Poet said:

"Seek thou the land,  
Far away from the Earth where the weary are glad;  
Where the heart by the soft Summer music is soothed;  
Where the Spirits of Beauty are dead and glorified;  
Where the sorrows of Earth are inaptly forgot,  
Be that home of delight where it may."

thought, his thoughts took form, and his wishes were born into an outward shape. It was a strange, blissful life he led. And we are told how sweet it is to leave the mortal shape, even in sleep, and how beautiful is the Ministry of the Night:

"The spiritual ministry of Night  
Is all unknown. Day rules the sensuous mind,  
But Night the fettered spirit doth unbind,  
And through the silver palace-gates of light,  
In dream and trance, she bears the soul away  
To the wide landscapes of the inner day.  
Her cities are the stars, and she delights  
To lead mankind in vision through the deep,  
Where Angels their mild mysteries closely keep  
From outer sense; she kindles up the lights  
That guide her guests in journeyings thro' the heaven;  
Th' electric waves of ether beat them on;  
Shafted with fire their arrowy path is given,  
Till they are bosomed in the horizon,  
Whose orb of quickening is the Spirit-Sun.  
The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep;  
And Life's continuous current ever flows,  
Whether to outward bliss the pulses leap,  
Or languid glide in silence and repose.  
And could one mortal tell of all he sees,  
Recalling Night's close-curtained mysteries,  
The breeze that hears to Heaven man's common thought  
Would break that night's mystery, and be fraught  
With such enchantment, that the skies would thrill  
In sympathy divine. One little thrill  
From the full ocean of interior bliss  
Flowing through Earth, would change Earth's wilderness  
Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile  
Familiar as the roses all the while."

The Angels of Sleep, we are told, lead the soul to its home, —and thus the soul of the Poet was led to her Paradise Isle by a Maiden from Pallas. And while journeying with her the Poet sings the mournful song of the "Outer Life." Proceeding with the Maiden, the Poet says:

"We breathed deliciously. There came a scent  
Of new-blown lilies. A divine content  
Diffused itself like music through my breast.  
We seemed to be of radiant wings possessed.  
We rose, as new-born butterflies unfold,  
In morning light, their wings of green and gold,  
And sparkled with all fair hues; our feet  
Thrilled with delight the living air to meet;  
Our thoughts took form like wings around the head."

As they reached a shore of alabaster, a company of rose-winged and purple-vested youths and maidens met them, and the Poet sang "The Song of Desire." As he ceased singing he saw a lovely maid whisper into an infant's ear, and the infant flew toward the Poet and his maiden companion, and welcomed them, as a lovely Spirit-pair, to the island of the Lily Queen. In a beautiful grotto the Poet saw

"The Lily Queen lay sleeping, and her head  
Was fanned by swaying turquoise flowers, that fed  
The air with incense. O'er her form was spread  
A mantle sparkling like the ocean foam.  
Her parted lips like dewy sun-stars shone,  
With gold and crimson richly blent."

As he looked she woke. She told him his coming was not unknown. Enraptured with her gracious beauty, the Poet says:

"My heart's eclipse  
Was ended. Like the moon beside the sun,  
Shining in new-found radiance, I began  
To glow in her sweet presence."

He felt a new life born in him, and trembled like a dew-drop as she touched the inmost lyre-strings of his heart. Then the Poet sings a noble "Song of Home."

"How beautiful is Home! The wanderer sees,  
Returning from afar, the village spire,  
And the ancestral roof, whose aged trees  
Shelter, perchance, wife, mother, child, and sire.  
Not theirs the glory to which fools aspire,  
The empty bauble vainly called Renown;  
They are content to light the evening fire,  
To feast on simple cheer, and lay them down  
In joyous rest, to dream, when Fortune's frown."

"How beautiful is Home when Love adorns,  
With splendors brighter than the morning sun;  
When it first gilds the silver Alpine horns,  
The village cot—the fair, beloved one,  
Though poor in outward gifts, beloved by none  
In all the finer feelings of the breast;  
How chime the hours to music as they run!  
Music of Love divine, that Angels blest,  
Delighted, bend to hear from out their golden rest."

"Tis Love alone that gives to Home its bliss,  
Transfusing common dust with light divine;  
Love plants its Eden in the wilderness,  
Lights Heaven's own flame to guide the darkness time;  
In saddest breast, like diamond in the mine,  
Burns quenches less; and through Life's inner night,  
An orb of fairest grace and strength sublime,  
Pure as sweet Hesper, set on Tempe's height,  
Streams, prophesying Heaven, the land of Love's delight."

"But Home in Heaven—a light within a light,  
A joy invisible in joy! How beautiful fall  
The evening shadows, when a new-born night  
Changes to jeweled fires the palace wall  
Of our divine abode; when, over all,  
A sky translucent, fire-illumined and fed,  
Expands sublime beyond the etherial hall,  
Picturing o'er all its dome how Angels wed,  
What marriage throngs sublime to heavenly nuptials tread."

And the Lily Queen becomes the bride of the Poet. And the Poet learns his destiny from a radiant angel, which is "To shed celestial light on earth." There he sings "The Vision of the Lamb," and we are told that

"In these resplendent Spheres  
Each new-born Angel like a lamb appears.  
The Lamb of God, the Infinite innocence,  
Is Lord and Master here."

Then the Poet sings a "Song of the Soul," and how "Love is Endless," and the "Hymn of Life's Completeness." In the "Golden Age of Harmony" life is to be complete. Then there are to be no scattered households. Then the Eden Age shall revisit mortal men. Then shall come the New-Born State. Then the crowning Church shall rise. At this point the Poet is borne away from his pleasant retreat in a jeweled pinnace. He sees and hears delights. He falls asleep, and wakes to find a cup in his boat, from which he drinks the "Sweetest Hydromel." Then he hears the spheres sing in chorus the "Song of Mars," the "Song of Jupiter," and the "Song of Saturn."

Owing to the great length of another article in this number, we are obliged to reserve a brief analysis of the Second and Third Parts of the Lyric for our next issue.

A number of articles are unavoidably crowded out to give place to the lengthy Report of a Night with the Spirits, which we are sure will be read with interest.



BEHOLD a spirit grand, elevated, sublime, which passion has laid waste,  
and you have seen the ruins of a world.



## Interesting Miscellany.

## JESUS AND THE POOR.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

The door of the Church turned on its polished hinges, and the sound ran through the Church with a subdued echo. Every face was turned to discover the cause of the sound, and every eye beheld a stranger walking slowly along the richly carpeted aisle.

Tall and majestic in stature, the stranger seemed bending with the touch of premature age, deep wrinkles seemed his countenance, and his hair, all tangled and matted, fell waving to his shoulders, mingling with the curling locks of his dark-brown beard. He was clad in coarse apparel, and the dust of the highway whitened the folds of his dingy coat. Coarse shoes, all worn and torn by weary travel, but brown and shined, and his extended hand, so fair, so delicate, so woman-like in its outline, grasped a pike-staff, which guided his steps along the aisle.

Poor was the stranger, soiled by the dust of travel, clad in coarse attire, his hair and beard all tangled and matted, his face seamed by premature wrinkles, yet there was a strange expression in his eye, and a calm sublimity of resolution on his broad forehead.

Poor, weary, and neglected, he approached Brother Zebulon. The well-fed and complacent Christian beheld the stranger stride slowly along the aisle.

Was there a paw-door open at his coming? Did fair forms arise, did kind hands woo the stranger to the cushioned seat? Did smiling faces greet him with looks of sympathy and compassion?

He sat his deep, unfathomable eye from side to side; he looked upon the soft face of yonder beauty with a glance of silent entreaty, but the fair one turned away, and the travel-worn stranger strode steadily toward the altar.

Slim-waisted Esquise, long-faced Bank Director, the Saint with his smiling visage, and the Sinner with his self-satisfied look, all turned away, and still the stranger toiled wearily on. He neared the Altar, he reached the pew-door of Brother Zebulon.

Zebulon turned and gazed upon the stranger, and then turned hastily away. He was so poor, his cloak was so ragged, his entire appearance so destitute, that Zebulon would not think of asking him to the repose of a cushioned seat, and yet there was something in the eye of that strange man that sent a thrill of unknown feeling to the heart of Zebulon, the man of God.

The stranger spoke not, asked not, did not even beckon for the repose of a seat. But his toil-worn face, his dust-covered garments, his look of fatigue and suffering, all spoke for him, in silent words, more impressive than the thunder shout of the million.

The stranger strode wearily toward the Altar. A round-paunched Bank Director, who had driven a thousand oranges to suicide, and murdered his ten thousands by the paltry subterfuges of reckless speculation, beheld the stranger approach, and refused him a seat in his lordly pew.

"Poor devil! How weary he looks!" lisped a fair-faced Esquise, whose victim lay in Ronaldson's graveyard, and in the dissecting room—"sorry for him, but I can't give him a seat!"

"Let him go to the poor-bench!" muttered a puffy-faced Editor, whose history was written in the secret records of a Court of Felons—"I wonder how such creatures have the assurance to stride into such a Church without leave or license!"

Still the stranger moved slowly on toward the Altar. "How affecting the Preacher grows!" whispered a calm-visaged man of God. "Indeed, the life of our Saviour must have been very sad—I can hardly keep my eyes clear—indeed!"

Still the stranger strode wearily on. He reached the Altar, he passed the gate, he flung his toil-worn form upon the pulpit steps.

Another creak of the door, and again every face was turned and every eye beheld the new comer.

"Ah, me, what a handsome man!" whispered a fair damsel; "such fine boots, such superb style, such a coat, such whiskers, and such hair! And what a grace, too—what an air—God bless me, pa—do open the pew-door!"

And as the handsome man of the world came striding along the aisle, with an even and measured gait, every pew-door flew open, old men arose, fair hands beckoned the Dandy to a seat, and midwives greeted him with the courtesy and complaisance of the Fashionable Church.

He passed along with the easy assurance of a man of the world; he neglected all the offers of politeness, and at last stood before the pew-door of Brother Zebulon Branwell.

"Oh—my dear sir—excuse me—pray—ah, indeed—do me the honor to take a seat!"

"Do me the honor!" cried the Editor rising hastily in his pew, with a last letter from his victim protruding from his pocket. "Oh, sir please be seated!"

"A seat, sir?" cried the calm-faced man of God. "Please be seated!"

"Oh—ah—you do me honor—p-o-s-itively!" lisped the Dandy, twirling his eye-glass and arranging his moustache—"I rather think I'll sit down with the worthy old fellow here!"

Rather shocked at the gentleman's familiar style of address, our friend Zebulon beheld him seated at his side, and was gazing over the flashing array that garnished his well-formed person, when a new burst of eloquence from the Preacher arrested his attention—

"Oh, right most lovely! Oh, spectacle most sublime!" cried the florid-faced Minister, raising his hands on high—"the friend of the poor, the comfort of the distressed, the hope of the desolate, the life of the dead, by what name shall we style him, by what name shall we know this mighty being, the Saviour of men? Look upon him as he rises before your mental eye, look upon him standing calm and erect amid the filth and squalor of some poor man's hut; look upon him in his tattered robes, his spoiled apparel, yet with the might of Godhead on his brow; look upon him and view his outstretched hand scattering blessings on the poor, and then think of his name—Jesus the friend of the People—

JESUS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR!"

Stirred by the enthusiasm of the Preacher, Zebulon turned partly aside to note its effect upon his companion, when lo! a strange spectacle meets his vision. The smiling man of the world is gazing upon the Preacher, his arms are folded, and his entire appearance denoting the finished Gentleman. Yet Zebulon shuddered as he beheld him. For notwithstanding the imperturbable smile on his face, there was a strange light in his eye—a sort of wild scorn, flushing over his strongly marked forehead.

Zebulon gazed sidelong; he dared not face the eye of that finished man of the world, for a pale, bluish light—could it have been the reflection of the stained window? began to play around his forehead, and encircle his dark hair, as with the fangs of fiery snakes.

Zebulon felt his corpulent form grow icy. Look! The stranger's eye is fixed upon the Preacher; it seems to emit livid jets of unearthly flame; his lip writhes with an infernal scorn. Slowly, like a mist, his gape maw melts away; the transparent flame whirls round and encircles him—Zebulon started to his feet.

"SATAN!"

How the flaming eyes glared into his face! Zebulon rose, shrieked to the congregation, but they heard him not, and still that horrible presence was there—in his cushioned pew—enveloped in that misty flame—his eyes centered upon the pulpit. Zebulon felt his red visage grow pale.

"Such being the view of his blessed mission on earth—" rung out the loud voice of the Preacher—"who is there in all this crowded, this Christian Church, that would fail to greet this EXULSANT with praises and hosannas, should he appear on earth? Nay, is there one in all this throng that would fail to welcome the Saviour should he appear walking along yonder aisle, poor, weary, and forsaken, dust on his garments, care on his brow, is there one but would fall prostrate before him, kissing his feet, and bathing his pathway with tears?"

A hushed murmur ran through the church, and every heart was impressed with the words of the Preacher.

The poor wayfarer, thrown prostrate along the steps of the lordly pulpit, seemed to share in the general impulse of feeling, for his head drooped low, and he veiled his face in his hands.

In an instant Brother Zebulon beheld the stranger rise, he beheld him gliding up the pulpit steps, he saw him confront the sleek Preacher, whose only face turned pale with sudden fear; he beheld him take the Bible from his grasp, and then a wild murmur spread like lightning through the Church.

The face of the stranger was changing to a face of beaming light, a calm smile stole over his lip, the wrinkles vanished from his cheek and brow, and the might of Godhead looked forth from the desecrated pulpit. Down fell the tattered robe, down fell the torn apparel! The stranger was clad in garments of light!

How that immense congregation rocked to and fro, while the murmur deepened, and eyes dilating with fear were turned toward the Pulpit! A Panic, such as smote the ten thousand faces of Old Sodom on its Last Day, throbbled like a pulse of Death in every heart.

Still the stranger, veiled in garments of transparent light, stood there—so ineffably calm and beautiful—a Glory playing about his forehead, a God-like love lighting up his large, full eyes!

"Come!" He said in a whisper, and yet it reached every heart as he waved his hands in blessings over their heads.

"Come!"

But they came not, these sullen People of the Bank and Counter, these darlings of Aristocratic wealth, these images of God so shamefully hidden away in fine apparel, drowned in broadcloth, satins, and gold! That Divine Face smote their hearts with fear. A cry of horror, one tremulous yell of anguish, rose to the ceiling.

And all the while, in the center of the church, even in Brother Zebulon's pew, stood the Man of the World, that pale, bluish light playing about his forehead, upon whose broad surface the veins now stood out like blackened cords, while a lurid fire shot an infernal magnetism from his eyes! He towered aloft, erect—almost sublime in his scorn—surveyed the faces of the Fashionable Church, now filled with fear, and a voice came from his lips:

"A cheerful good-day to ye, my friends—my Christian friends! I have come from Rome—from Westminster—from Geneva! Believe me—by the Gibbet which so many of our Reverend friends have taken for their Gospel—I never found myself so much at home in my life as here! Welcome, good, Christian People, followers, as ye are, of Jesus; faithful Nazarenes of the Nineteenth Century! Your Lord, whom ye profess to love, whom ye do love so well, came faint and travel-worn along yonder aisle. You knew him not. There was no Pew for him, not even a seat in all this elegant Church! I came; you knew me—ha, ha!"

He towered aloft, this Fallen Angel, looking like the Embodied Shape of the Geneva creed, and they saw it with a shudder—right above them, like a horrible mockery of some night-mare dream, a Phantom Gallows began to blacken into shape.

Still serene, above the Pulpit, stood that Transfigured Form—the Face shined in a halo of light—A Love faithfulness as Eternity wreathing its lips and shining from its eyes.

"Come!" said the voice, beckoning like a Father to his wayward children, or like a Brother to his brethren and sisters, whose souls were clouded in the mists of merciless Wealth.

"Come!"

Not a footstep stirred; not a form advanced! Nay, the Preacher, with the white cravat and round, uncouth face, was seen retreating down the Pulpit steps, his appalled eyes centered in that Face which he had not recognized when it came accompanied by a dusty and poverty-stricken form, which now he knew, but knew in trembling fear!

"Come!"

They came—yes, gliding up the aisle and up the Pulpit steps; yes, the ragged and the hungry Poor, who had been hidden away in the dark corners, or left neglected without the door. They came, here a Widow with wares and faded apparel; there, an Orphan, imbruted by neglect into a hideous image of precocious crime; and treading at the Orphan's heels, a half-pauper, where, whose fluttering rags could not hide the miserable form, thinned by disease and blotched with his Leprosy!

They came, the Poor, in manifold shames of Want, and the Face smiled on them and whispered, "Come!"

At last, crouching as he came, a Black Man skulked along the aisle, his rude features glowing as the Divine Face smiled him on! Then, covered with a convict's garb—a rope dangling from his neck—the neglected Felon came, halting every moment as if afraid, and trembling, nearer every moment to the Pulpit where the Face shone like a Sun.

The congregation murmured with surprise—disgust. That strange figure in the Pulpit! That Face encircled by the haggard forms of Want; rags and leprosy, poverty and despair, spreading around it as it shone above the marble pulpit! The contrast was wonderful!

And yet, even as the Rich Congregation looked and hustled their breath, a change as wonderful came over the scene. The Face shone down upon the poverty and rags, and shone it all away! Shone the suffering from the Widow's face, the crime from the Orphan's eyes; shone into nothingness the rags and woe, and baptized every forehead with its unbounded rays! The rude Black Man's face grew fair and beautiful; even the Felon, consigned by Godly men to the Gibbet, felt the rope drop from his neck and his convict rags fade away. For there was Power in the Face.

And all the while, far back in yonder corner, behold the Preacher, flung at the foot of that Face, and trying to defend his eyes from its light by surrounding himself with a barricade of sound Theological Works. He builds the walls with frantic haste. How the musty old volumes come from their hiding-places, and help to raise that barrier between the Preacher and the light of the Divine Face. Rare books these: every form of creed, from Calvin's Institutes down to Dr. Cheever's last letter in favor of the Gallows; rare books, and in the Preacher's hands they raise a formidable wall, an iron barrier, against the light of those Divine Eyes.

Look, my friends, the Man of the World, even that blasted form, veiled in bluish flame, beholds the Preacher's nervous haste, and comes gliding over the People's heads to aid him in his frantic work. They build the wall together—the Face frightens them—high and higher, piling Theology and Metaphysics on each other, and filling the small apartments with Tracts in favor of the Gallows.

The work is done. The Preacher, built up among creeds, had shrouded himself from the light of the Face. But look—did you see that ray gleaming from the Divine Eye, gleaming even through the barrier, and shooting its sudden fire into the Preacher's heart?

"Lord, Lord!" he shrieks with a frantic cry, as he tramples the musty volumes under foot, and feels the tears rain from his eyes; "Lord, at last I know thee, and do not fear!"

Then, rising above the Pulpit, his form floating on waves of golden air, appears the Stranger, his brow bathed in light, his eyes of deep, unfathomable beauty, shining Love in every heart, while the voice from his lips breaks like music from the Throne of Eternity—

"THE SPIRIT OF JEHOVAH IS UPON ME, TO PREACH GOOD TIDINGS TO THE POOR!"

How like a mist before the morning breeze the whole scene rushes from our view!

Brother Zebulon passed his hands over his eyes; he looked around! There was the gorgeous church, glittering with fashion and beauty; there the crowded pews, packed with the forms of wealth; and in the Pulpit, calm and erect, no fear on his brow, stood the Preacher, the sunset ray upon his brow, all godliness centered in his round, uncouth visage.

"Brother Branwell," whispered a Bank Director, who occupied the next pew, "you missed the best part of the sermon; you've been sleeping; a sad fault in church, Brother Branwell!"

The apathetic wonder impressed on Brother Branwell's face was too ridiculous to be witnessed without laughter.

"What! what?" he gasped. "Hasn't there been no poor Pilgrims here? Didn't our Preacher build a wall of books in yonder corner? Wasn't the dew—? that is, a singular Satanic personage—here in my pew! Hey? You don't mean to say, Brother—"

The Bank Director laughed all over his face.

"You've been dreaming!" Bad in the afternoon after a heavy dinner. And you missed the best part of the sermon; such a cut as our Preacher gave these anti-Gallows men. You should've heard him speak of Stephen Girard, and—but I see they are going to sing the last hymn—the Infidels—"

"Let us unite in praise!" exclaimed the Preacher, standing erect in the light of the setting sun. "Let us sing to the praise of God in the following beautiful and appropriate hymn:

"A hymn of Jesus! can it be?"

A hymn of Jesus! can it be?"

They sang the hymn, and, mellow and heavenly, that burst from a full choir filled the Fashionable Temple. But Brother Branwell could not sing; his red, round face was very pale; wherever he turned, he saw not the complacent congregation, singing the hymn, but the forms of his dream, the Face, and it rung forever in his ears that divine chant—

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the Poor."

The hymn died away. The Revery into which Brother Branwell had fallen was suddenly broken by the voice of the Preacher.

"It is our purpose to hold a series of Religious Meetings in this church during the ensuing week, with lectures from our pious Brethren of the Orthodox clergy. To-morrow night I will lecture on the Divine authority for Punishment by Death, with an examination of the sublime structure of that part of the Mosiac Dispensation which says, 'An Eye for an Eye, a Tooth for a Tooth.' Tuesday night, the Rev. Dr. Bomb will lecture; subject, 'The Reforms of the present day only a cloak for Infidelity.' Wednesday, Rev. Dr. M'Twist will entertain you with one of his sound discourses; subject, 'The Poor, and how to put him down.' Thursday, our esteemed and Rev. Dr. Blowhard will deliver an Essay on 'The Cause of Missions; with suggestions in favor of the appropriation of \$100,000 for the conversion of the present Anti-Christ, the Pope of Rome.' Friday, our venerable Brother, Dr. Greek Particle, from the Theological Institute at —, will lecture; subject, 'THE ORTHODOX IDEA OF HELL MAINTAINED, with copious references from the original Greek and Hebrew.' I, myself, my brethren, will close the series with a lecture on Saturday night; subject, 'GIRARD AND HIS INFIDEL COLLEGE.'"

Brother Branwell heard it all; and even as the Preacher spoke, saw, or fancied he saw, written above the Pulpit in characters of light, those words of deathless music:

"The Spirit of Jehovah is upon me, to preach good tidings to the Poor."

Turn where he might, even as the Church poured its Fashion and Beauty along the aisles, and its Wealth flared out into the street, he saw those burning Words; and a Voice whispered that all this Wealth was Crime; this Fashion and Beauty a mockery in the sight of God, combined as it was in a theology that remembered every thing, held every thing sacred, save—

JESUS AND THE POOR!

A STORY OF A FAITHFUL DOG.

PREMONITORY WARNING.

The following story is said, by the Portsmouth Chronicle, to be derived, as to all its facts, from a most respectable Quaker family, whose veracity can not be doubted:

"About fifty years ago, in the western part of the State of New York, lived a lonely widow named Mozher. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown up and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

"And thus the old lady lived alone in her house by day and night. Yet in her conscious innocence and trust in Providence, she felt safe and cheerful—did her work quietly during the daylight, and at eventide lay and slept sweetly.

"One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwanted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was about to happen to her or hers.

So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, by unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her she several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurances that the good mother had never done injury to any person, and added, 'I can not think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world.'

"As the day was declining, Mrs. Mozher sought her home, but expressed the same feelings as she left her daughter's house.

"On the way home, she called on a neighbor, who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripped into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter: 'You have harmed no one in your whole lifetime, surely no one will molest you. Go home in quiet, and Rover shall go with you. Here, Rover,' said she to a stout watch-dog that lay on the lawn, 'here, Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her.' Rover did as he was told. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of every thing out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down on the outside of the bed, and as the widow relied on his fidelity, and perhaps chided herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Some time in the night she awoke, being startled, probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight, however, that she was not aware of being startled at all; but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor. The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepped cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now, for the first time, felt the dog move, as he made a violent spring from the bed; and at the same instant something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again, and the dog resumed his place on the bed, without having barked or growled at all.

"This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately, but lay awake wondering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended. The dog had seized him by the throat with the grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her only daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land; and instigated by this sordid impatience, he could not wait for the decay of nature to give her property up to him and his, as the only heirs apparent, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of the night. A fearful retribution waited for him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned her dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderer's blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained, without reference to that Providence or overruling which numbers the hairs of our head, watches the sparrow's fall, and shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will."

"Sonnambulism in a Dog.—A correspondent of the Spirit of the Times relates a case of sonnambulism in his dog. He had returned from a day's sport, and with his master was dozing by the fire. The correspondent says:

"I was attracted by a very curious sound from the dog, and a strange, fixed look from his eyes, which seemed set, as though glazed in death, and neither changed nor quivered in the slightest degree, though the blaze of a cheerful wood-fire shone brightly upon them. To my infinite astonishment, after stretching his limbs several times, and uttering unaccustomed whines, he gradually arose to his feet and assumed the attitude of pointing, in every particular just as I have seen him do a hundred times in the field; when the aroma from an entire covey was warm on the mild breeze—his lips were set, and quivered with eager but suppressed excitement, which a good pointer ever manifests when near his game, and the chieftain could not remain more staunch than his point exhibited. When my surprise had a little abated, I spoke to the dog, but he manifested no consciousness, nor took the slightest notice of my voice, though several times repeated, and it was only when I touched him that the spell was broken, when, running several times around the room, he quietly resumed his place before the fire.

"Will the Doctors Explain This!—Some time in the early part of last spring the writer was at the house of a neighbor whose daughter was a sewing maid. While sitting together and conversing on the spiritual phenomena, the daughter exclaimed: 'Oh, mother! Aunt has just come in, and brought a little coffin with a child in it.' 'Ask her whose child it is,' said the mother. She did so, and was told that it was the youngest child of the mother's youngest brother, who lived six or seven hundred miles distant. The Spirit informed the medium that the child was then alive and well, but that it would die in a short time. Some two months after this the writer called there again, and they informed him that they had just received a letter from the father of the child, announcing its death. There were several other persons present at the time when the medium saw the coffin and the child brought in, whose names can be had by any one who wishes to make inquiry; and the family, whose name we will communicate verbally to inquire, will satisfy any one that the letter was received at the time specified.

"Now, if these anecdotes, or the too-snapper of the New York National Democrat, can bring such cases as this within their philosophy, it will be better worth propagating in France. Age of Progress.

"This aunt has been dead for many years.

LIFE AFTER FREEZING.—It is said that the scientific men of France are at present speculating on a recent instance of a young man brought to life after being frozen eleven months on the Alps. The blood of a living man was infused into the veins of the frozen youth, and he moved and spoke. The experiment was afterward tried on a hare, frozen for the purpose, with complete success.

It has been the practice at the hospice of St. Bernard for the monks to keep the frozen bodies of unknown travelers for months, that they might be recognized, and in Norway—according to the recent work on that country, published in England by Professor James D. Forbes—that people in some of the valleys, during the long, dreary winters, keep the bodies of deceased persons in a frozen state until spring, when they are borne to the church for the last time; this is the first instance on record of resuscitation after death was for some time apparent.

In some parts of this State it is quite common to transfer fish from waters of one locality to those of another, when they are frozen so hard that they may be broken like a stick by bending. In this state the Oswego bass has been packed in straw and conveyed to a considerable distance, and after being placed in cold water, gradually thawed to life again. Nearly all the fish brought to our markets, and forwarded hence into the interior, are packed in ice. In this manner the Eastern people ship fish, meats, fruits, etc., to the East and West Indies, in their ice cargoes.

Some years ago, an entire mammoth was found on the northern coast of Russia, in an excellent state of preservation, to the very hide and hair, and after its discovery and displacement, animals partook heartily of its flesh. The tusks were brought to St. Petersburg, where they are still to be seen—Green Brier Era.

PLANTS IN THE AIR.—The Evening Gazette translates from the Courrier des Etats Unis, the following horticultural item: "A horticulturist of the suburbs of Versailles, in studying the physiology of the vegetable kingdom, conceived the idea that the smallness of certain plants, the violet for example, was owing to an atmospheric pressure too great for their delicate organs. Having fixed this idea in his mind, the florist conceived the idea of putting his theory into practice. Providing himself with a small balloon, rendered sufficiently light to prevent the escape of any gas, he launched it into the air, having attached to it a silken cord 120 metres long. Instead of a car, the balloon sustained a flower-pot of Parma violets. This experiment has been going on about two months, with the most wonderful results, in the shape of violets as large as Bengal roses. It is to be hoped that the above experiment may be turned to some account"—Portland Transcript.

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